

HOSPITAL SHIP'S ESCAPE—HARTLEPOOL BOMBED

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1918

One Penny.

SCENES AT THE NATIONAL FOOD KITCHEN IN THE WEST END



This lady carries her share away on a plate.



War workers in a queue for well-cooked and inexpensive meals.

84462A

SOUP	2
ROAST BEEF	4
CHEESE & POTATO PIE	4
POTATOES	1
ONIONS	2
BAKED CUSTARDS	3

84462A

SOUP	1
FISH CAKES	2
STEAK	6
CABBAGE	1
CURRENT ROLL	2

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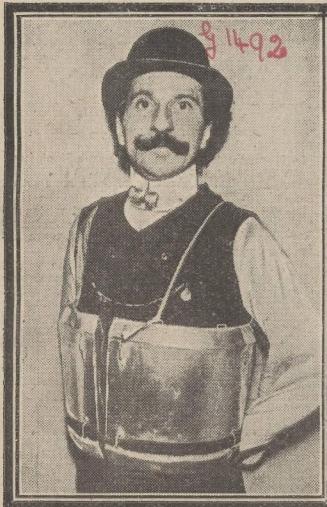
With meat, sixteenpence—

—or a meatless meal for a shilling.

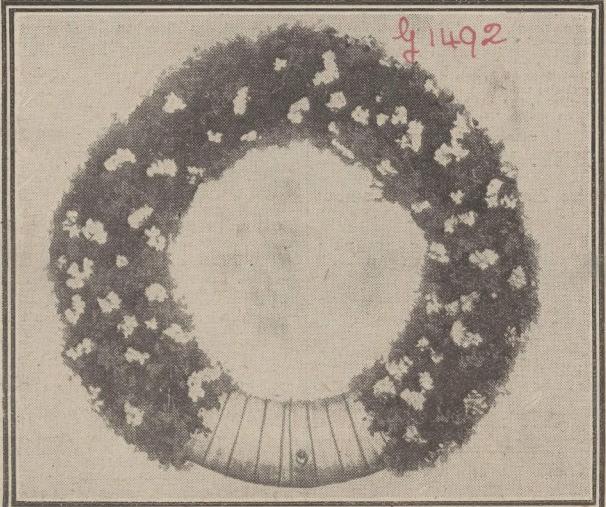
The National Food Kitchen, opened in the West End of London, is proving a huge success. War workers who have not the time to go home to meals are here enabled to

obtain cheap, well-cooked, nourishing food at trifling cost, and can get their lunches at the kitchen and carry them away to their workrooms for consumption.—(Exclusive.)

HOW ENEMY AGENTS SMUGGLE WAR MATERIAL OUT OF FRANCE VIA SWITZERLAND INTO GERMANY.



A vest which is really a petrol container.



This wreath hid a circular tank for petrol.



A rubber corset for carrying smuggled petrol.

Many ingenious devices have been resorted to by the agents employed to smuggle much-needed motor spirit into Germany through neutral countries. The French frontier

guards, however, exercise a vigilance that is not easily frustrated, and the capture of would-be smugglers is of daily occurrence.—(Daily Mirror exclusive photographs.)

NORTH SEA AIR BATTLE: SUCCESS FOR 2 SEAPLANES

Our Men Face Five Hunplanes, Fight Them, and Down Two of Them.

U-BOAT ATTACK ON A HOSPITAL SHIP.

Germans Claim Downing 3 Freiburg Raiders—Vladivostok Commander's Suicide—Hun Guns Busy.

Two Against Five.—Two of our seaplanes attacked five German seaplanes in the North Sea and downed two of the Hunplanes.

Red Cross Ship Attacked.—The hospital ship *Guildford Castle*, with 450 wounded on board, was unsuccessfully attacked by a submarine at the entrance to the Bristol Channel.

Freiburg Raid.—Berlin claims downing three of our machines.

Western Front.—There have been raids and gunfire.

AIR FIGHT AGAINST ODDS OVER THE NORTH SEA.

Two Machines Engage Five German—Two Hun Planes "Downed."

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:

On March 12 two British seaplanes encountered and attacked five enemy aircraft in the southern part of the North Sea.

An engagement took place which lasted for thirty minutes. One enemy two-seater was shot down and destroyed; the observer of a second machine was killed and a third seaplane was driven down on the water.

The engagement terminated when the British seaplanes had expended all their ammunition.

Both machines returned safely.

BRITISH TAKE PRISONERS IN NIGHT RAID.

Foe's Big Guns Display Increased Activity at Two Points.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

9.36 A.M.—Our raiding parties entered the enemy's trenches last night south-east of Epehy and brought back prisoners.

A raid attempted by the enemy north of the Ypres-Staden railway was successfully repulsed.

Artillery was active on both sides during the night south-west of Cambrai.

Hostile artillery showed increased activity in the Neuve Chapelle and Fauquissart sectors.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Thursday.—There was a fairly lively artillery struggle on the front as a whole.

Three enemy attacks failed under our fire in the region of Maisons de Champagne, Vauquois and Hoeville.—Reuter.

German Official.—Some sectors between the Lys and the Scarpe, on both sides of the Meuse, and in the Sundgau, in the region of Altkirch, the enemy artillery developed lively activity; also on the remainder of the front there was often lively disturbing fire.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

FIRST SEA LORD AND THE MURDEROUS U-BOATS.

How Germany Blundered in Estimate of Our Merchant Seamen.

Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, the First Sea Lord, addressing the annual meeting of the Seamen's Hospital Society yesterday, said Germany thought that the very meanness of her ruthlessness and murderous submarine warfare would prevent our merchant ships from putting to sea.

"Germany thought," he said, "that we were effete, and thought, perhaps, that our effeness would be visible in our merchant Navy." Germany, he said, was wrong. No one in Britain had said that the merchant seamen can follow their trade in comparative safety. Our seamen have now to combat a menace more threatening, more ruthless and more barbarous than any of the piracies of the Middle Ages."

RUSE TO ESCAPE SERVICE.

In the Commons, yesterday, Mr. Duke, answering Major Newnham, stated that a considerable number of men of military age had come over to England to avoid military service. The police had instructions in the matter and they had power to arrest and hand over abseentees to the military authorities.

They were dealing with all the cases of which they had knowledge.

BERLIN ON THE BRITISH RAID ON FREIBURG.

Foe Say That They Brought Down Three of Our Machines.

GERMAN AIR OFFICIAL.

Thursday.—Yesterday seventeen enemy aeroplanes and three captive balloons were brought down during aerial engagements and by fire from the earth.

Of an enemy squadron flying towards Freiburg three machines were brought down on the front.

Cavalry Captain Baron von Richthofen achieved his sixty-fifth aerial victory.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

[The British report on Wednesday night on the Freiburg bombing said that all our machines reached their objectives, dropped nearly a ton of bombs, but further details of the raid had not then been received.]

GERMAN TROOPS IN ABO AS WELL AS ODESSA.

Huns Marching Inland in Finland—Battle at Odessa.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Petrograd, Wednesday.—The newspapers this evening confirm the news that a strong German detachment last night occupied the town of Abo, in Finland, and immediately began to march into the interior of the country.

According to information which reached Petrograd yesterday German and Ukrainian troops are continuing operations in Southern Russia, particularly in the direction of Orscha and Mozhaisk, where an important enemy column has occupied the town of Tchernigoff.

The occupation by the Turks of the whole of the Baku region, which Russia has to cede to Turkey by the terms of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, is also reported.—Reuter.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Thursday Afternoon.—The German troops which, in agreement with the Rumanian Government, had been sent against Odessa have occupied Odessa after a battle between bands near Moldowanka.

They were followed by Austro-Hungarian troops coming from Shmerinka.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

PRINCE SERIOUSLY ILL.

Petrograd, Wednesday.—Prince Leopold of Bavaria, German Commander-in-Chief on the eastern front, is seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs.—Reuter.

Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, former Ambassador at Tokio, has been appointed German Ambassador to the Ukraine.—Reuter.

Marshal von Hindenburg and Baron von dem Bussche, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on Wednesday received the Finnish Premier, M. Svinhufvud.—Reuter.

THE PRINCE'S NEW OFFICE

From Our Own Correspondent.

WINDSOR, Thursday.—The Prince of Wales has accepted the office of High Steward of Windsor, which became vacant through the death of Prince Christian.

IRISH EXEMPT IN U.S.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—Mr. Lansing and Lord Reading have agreed informally that unnaturalized Irish subjects resident in the United States shall be exempt from conscription in the United States Army. Other British subjects will be liable for military service.—Central News.

JAPAN'S QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL IN LONDON.

Distinguished Soldier Pays a Visit to Woolwich.

The Quartermaster-General of the Japanese Army, who is on a mission to England, paid a visit yesterday to the Y.M.C.A. canteens at Woolwich, where he received a warm welcome. In a felicitous little speech in Japanese, interpreted by a member of his suite, he referred to the mutual interests which exist between Great Britain and Japan, and the prospect that in the future the two nations would be linked more closely together.

Among his suite were members of the Japanese Y.M.C.A. delegation to the Allied armies.

AMERICA'S BIG "HUSTLE" ON WESTERN FRONT.

Mr. Baker Sees Stupendous Preparations to Meet the Huns.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, Thursday.—M. Andre Glarner, Paris correspondent of the Exchange, who is on a visit to the American Army in France, telegraphs:

Mr. Baker, United States Secretary of War, accompanied by General Pershing, began shortly ago a tour of inspection of the Western Front, which will undoubtedly hasten victory by examining the work of every one of the American soldiers gathered at this great French port.

The gigantic docks, flanking the edge of a deeply-dredged river, which the greatest international liners regularly plough up and down, made a sight which impressed Mr. Baker so deeply that he frankly admitted he had never before realised the magnitude of America's great war effort. The facilities available will arrive before being loaded on to heavy trains and started over American-built railroads hundreds of miles into the interior of France.

Mr. Baker saw 11,000t of these docks nearing completion, into which American steel and concrete, and even 4in. pine planks, are being placed in position by regiments of enlisted men, engineers, sailors and marines, some of whom are America's most trained engineers.

Dashing inland for a few miles the secretary visited the American Artillery School, where he saw a full battery of heavy guns transformed from ponderous travelling trucks into firing position within half an hour.

The American artilleries, trained to the point of perfection, after giving a demonstration, reassembled their battery and started for the front to have their first shot at the enemy.

"AWAITING A FAVOURABLE WIND FOR GAS ATTACKS."

Why the Great German Offensive Has Been Delayed.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—The *Telegraaf*'s frontier correspondent states that Austrian and Turkish ambulances have arrived at Cologne and Dusseldorf.

German deserters, he adds, allege that the "Great German offensive" is only awaiting a favourable wind for gas attacks.

Trains are arriving daily in Essen with war material from Russia which is being prepared by Krupp for employment on the western front.

For this purpose many German workmen have been considerably increased.—Reuter.

The military correspondent of the Berlin *Mittel Zeitung*, in an attempt to solve the mystery as to "who will attack first?" inclines to the view that the German military authorities will first await a new Entente offensive on the western front, "in order," as he puts it, "to undertake after its failure an attack when the enemy's power of resistance has been considerably weakened by his fresh losses."—Reuter.

"MUCH MATERIAL FOR USE IN FUTURE WARS."

Lenin on Futility of Brandishing Wooden Sword at Hindenburg.

PARIS, Thursday.—A telegram to the *Matin* from Zurich says the *Deutsche Pressezeitung* reports that at a Congress of the Bolsheviks in Petrograd, Lenin said in his speech:

"The Russian revolution is up against German Imperialism, and it is useless to go on brandishing a wooden sword against Hindenburg."

"Since, therefore, she cannot at the moment throw a new army into the field against our enemies, Russia had no alternative but to accept the peace treaty imposed upon her while she is preparing for war."

"This 'provisional peace,'" continued the speaker, "will facilitate the evacuation of Petrograd, and will enable us to safeguard much war material which may be used by-and-by in future wars."—Exchange.

NARROW ESCAPE OF HOSPITAL SHIP.

Two Torpedoes Fired at Vessel by U-Boat.

DAYLIGHT ATTACK.

ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

H.M. hospital ship *Guildford Castle* (Captain Thomas M. Lang, R.N.R.), homeward bound, was unsuccessfully attacked by an enemy submarine at the entrance to the Bristol Channel at 5.35 p.m. on March 10.

She was flying the Red Cross flag, and in addition had all her hospital lights on.

An Exchange message says two torpedoes were fired at the *Guildford Castle*. The first missed her, but the second struck her bow.

Although badly damaged she managed to reach port.

Many sick and wounded who were on board were then transferred to the land hospital.

The *Guildford Castle*, which belonged to the Union Castle Line, was built at Glasgow in 1911 and is a vessel of 5,055 tons net and 8,036 tons gross.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Captain Lang, in an interview, said: "About 5.35 p.m. on the 10th the *Guildford Castle* was nearing the entrance to the Bristol Channel flying her Red Cross flags and in addition showing all her hospital lights.

I was on the bridge with the fourth officer. He called my attention to a torpedo which started on the forequarters of the vessel about 600 yards away. It crossed the ship's wake at right angles, passing the stern from thirty to forty yards distant.

About one and a half minutes after the torpedo had passed the stern the ship received a very violent blow. The helm was put hard-a-starboard to avoid exposing the whole length of the ship to another torpedo, as I assumed at the time that there was another submarine acting in co-operation with the first. At the same time I placed the ship in a better position for manoeuvring.

We at once signalled for boat stations, and the R.A.M.C. set to work to bring up the patients, including cot cases, for the boats. These patients were very smartly brought up on deck, the staff working admirably. Indeed, I may say that the crew, the ship's company, R.A.M.C. and patients all behaved splendidly.

As soon as I found the ship was not taking water I dismissed them from their boat stations and had the patients placed in the companion ways and spots adjacent to the boats, in readiness in case of another attack. They were kept in that position until we were well up Channel off Bull Point.

Captain Lang said he felt great pride in which all hands on board had conducted themselves throughout the trying ordeal.

"There was a patch of oil from the spot where the torpedo was fired. We never really sighted a submarine.

VLADIVOSTOK GENERAL COMMITS SUICIDE.

Cossacks in Eastern Siberia Arrest a Workmen's Council.

PETROGRAD, Wednesday.—The Commandant of the Vladivostok port, General Dubandza, has committed suicide.—Reuter.

PETROGRAD, Thursday.—The municipal authorities at Blagoveshchensk, on the Amur Railway, have, with the assistance of the Cossacks, arrested the local Workmen's Council.—Reuter.

PENINS (delayed).—The Petrograd report of the establishment of a new Russian Government under Prince Lvoff is without foundation.—Reuter.

ITALIAN HOSPITAL HIT.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Thursday Afternoon.—West of Bezzecca strong enemy parties trying to descend into the Concale were dispersed on the Pasubio.

A field hospital, visibly marked with the Red Cross, was hit at Bassano.—Central News.

"NO GERMAN PEACE."

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., who, with Mr. Arthur Ponsonby and Mr. Charles Trevelyan, was the guest at the Cannibal Club luncheon at the Holborn Restaurant yesterday, said he stood for a democratic and a Liberal peace, but not for a peace at any price.

"I am not satisfied with any terms that the Germans have yet offered," he said. "Those who say otherwise of me talk nonsense. There has not yet been a proposition made by Germany that affords any foundation for a satisfactory peace."

A BOOK QUEUE AT THE FRONT



A queue of soldiers in France waiting for books outside a circulation library for the troops.—(Official photograph.)

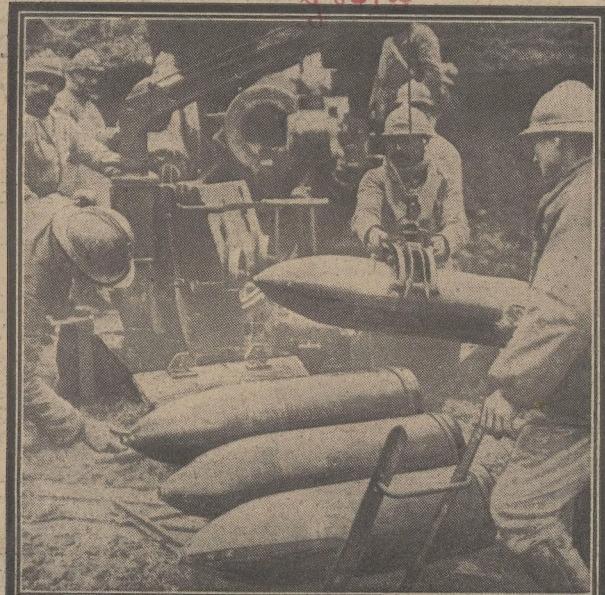
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THE LAST FENCE.



Mr. H. Dennison, on Finnegan, falls on the last fence at Sandown Park.

THE WORK OF THE FRENCH ARTILLERY.



Setting the time-fuse and loading the shells to a new French gun recently introduced on the western front.—(French official.)

WOMEN IN—



Lady Helen Seymour, wife of Lord Harry Seymour, D.S.O. She has been an ardent war worker since the war began.

P8141
P4910

"HAND GRENADE" SPRAY.



This novel scent spray has been made by French wounded soldiers in their workshops in France. It was produced from materials found on the battlefield.

P10880A

P10880A



ALBERT MEDAL.—Air Mechanic H. V. Robinson has been awarded the Albert Medal in gold for conspicuous bravery.

D.C.M..—Rifleman H. G. Robinson, R.F.A., who has been awarded the D.C.M. for gallant work performed in France.

AUSTRALIAN



Mr. Parker, from the Ministry of Labour, e
the terms of their em



In the above photograph are seen some of
gangway to the te

A LITTLE INTERVAL BETWEEN THE FLIGHTS.



Some of the men of a famous air squadron at lunch. These intrepid air warriors think nothing of flying fifty or sixty miles behind the enemy lines and coming back for tea.—(Official photograph.)

GRACE
of a nig
white, w

ON WORKERS.



ian war workers, just about to disembark, (an official photograph.)



tion workers leaving their liner by the official photograph.)

MILITARY MISSION FROM SIAM IN LONDON.



An important military mission from Siam has now reached this country, where the members are the guests of the British Government. The mission leaving their hotel for Buckingham Palace, where they were received by the King.

TO-DAY'S NEWS.



Miss Katherine Blake, who is marrying Captain T. E. Greacen to-day, was principal soprano at the D'Oyly Carte Opera Co.

Lady Barnard, who is at the present moment lying seriously ill at her residence, Ruby Castle, Darlington, Co. Durham.

PERISCOPES FOR THE NAVY.



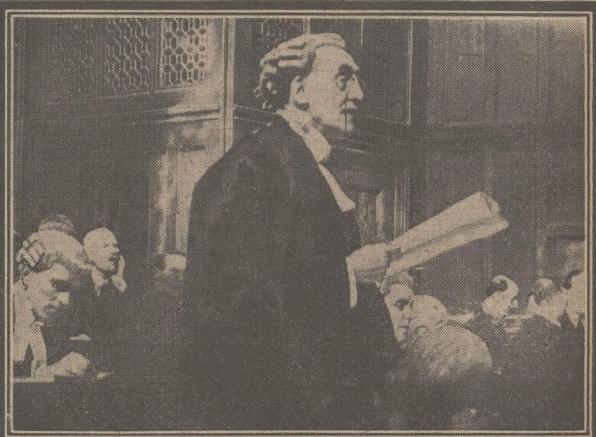
At the Optical Munitions Training School, Northampton Polytechnic, Clerkenwell, women are being trained in the production of periscopes, binoculars, range-finders, telescopes, etc.



D.S.M.—Stoker First Class J. P. Colman, R.N., who has been awarded the D.S.M. for distinguished services.

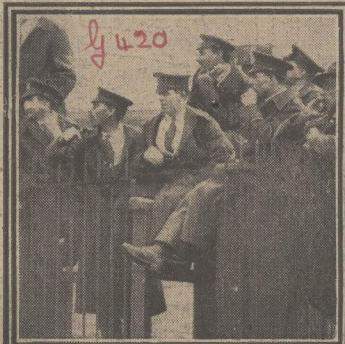
M.G.—Lieutenant T. Ridley Welsh, 7th Durham L.I., has been awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in the field.

FROM THE CABINET TO COURT



Relieved of the responsibilities of office, Sir Edward Carson is back once more in the Law Courts. Here he is seen speaking to his brief.

WOUNDED WATCHERS.



Wounded soldiers at the first day of the Sandown Park Steeplechases.

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DECORATED—Captain Anderson, R.N., C.M.G., M.V.O., who wears the decorations of four countries—England, Russia, Portugal, and Sweden. The photograph was taken in Hyde Park yesterday.

CONSERVING BRITAIN'S MAN POWER.



A group of babies ready for inspection at the new Infant Welfare Centre at Hammersmith.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1918.

"HALF-WAGING WAR."

YESTERDAY'S debate in the House,

Mr. Balfour's speech about Japan and Russia, and the Prime Minister's remarks at the annual assembly of the National Free Church Council on Wednesday, can usefully be connected, with the object of defining two conflicting attitudes in regard to the present prosecution of the war. There is nothing (as the Free Church phraseology might itself express it) like knowing "where you are and whether you are going," in a time when confusion of thought may lead to ineffectiveness of action.

The conflict of attitude we find so dangerous is not for the moment any longer one between plain pacifist and never-sheathe-the-swordian.

Nearly all of us now agree that, whatever wise "conversations" and diplomatic talk may still do, the wind has veered from the peace direction, since the German brigandage in fallen Russia completely exhibited the Prussian attitude, once again. It would really be a Prussian peace, under present conditions. The conflict is still, then, rather between the pacifist temperament (with its occasional admixture of our British national vice of cant) and the purely combative disposition on the other side.

The pacifist, if he be sincere, cannot now advocate peace. But his temperament prompts him to urge what the Prime Minister, in the speech referred to, calls a half-war, or a half-waging of war.

That is, you keep on saying, when any new defensive or aggressive war blow is suggested: "Oh no, don't do that! That wouldn't be cricket." It's against the rules. Let them do it. And when they do it, write reams of verbosity explaining that they oughtn't to do it. Call in the Bishops. And meanwhile keep nosing about for a possible other issue."

In other words—for it comes to this: "Seek peace by letting the enemy win."

We had the silly humbug over conscription, over gas, over aerial bombardments. It causes, each time, a delaying debate. . . . Meanwhile the enemy hits out right and left; fair or foul, and our tendency is to tie protective patches over the bruised portions of our national anatomy. . . .

Over Japan, over the air, over gas, over everything!—the same prohibitive wail: Don't.

We say, on the other hand: Do.

Do things. Do everything that has a military importance and will help us to win. Above all, the air! With what relief do we welcome the good work done there! Every day, every hour, we want to see the Rhine bridges, the Rhine towns, the Rhine factories, railways, dépôts bombed and bombed. Consider the canting lie that this has no military importance! Let us fight the war in the Prime Minister's word—or make peace; but do not let us half-fight it and fumble it.

May we speak frankly here and say that in the past—last summer—the peace orientation, the wind towards peace, seemed to us sufficiently favourable to warrant great heed and skilful talk; say, at Stockholm; say, elsewhere? Now it is too late. Now we must fight. And it is to the air and all that is connected with it that we chiefly look, since Germany has utterly broken down one of the walls hemming her in.

To the air; but also to any form of military blow, that is really military, to be secured by us.

You cannot fight in the ugly ring with one hand held up, or with a glove carefully padded, lest home moralists of the canting order should be offended by their comfortable fire-sides and say it isn't fair—on the enemy.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Worse than idle hands are idle heads, which have no ideas in them.—Mandell Creighton.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

"SIR EDWARD'S" RETURN.

The Princess at a Wedding—Ministers Buy War Photographs.

I RAMBLED into Mr. Justice McCordie's Court yesterday morning to see Sir Edward Carson make his reappearance at the Bar. There was no mistaking those fierce eyebrows, that jutting nose and that powerful chin—not yet the voice, low, but with a touch of the brogue in it.

Opposition.—Sir Edward was opposed in the action—Marconi v. the Postmaster-General—by a strong combination of legal talent, led by Sir F. E. Smith and Sir Gordon Hewart. I was surprised to see such a thin "house" for the great advocate's reappearance. There was a sparse attendance, brightened by a dash of Navy blue and gold.

A Souvenir.—The other day Mr. Towns Jones, M.P., showed me a souvenir of his

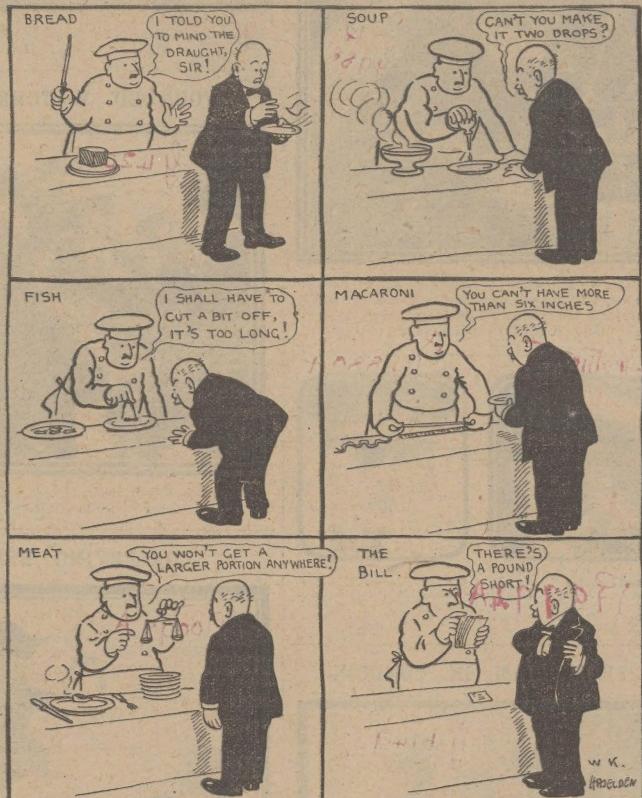
Royalty Greeted the Bride.—Princess Marie Louise, who was at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when Miss Honor Leigh married Captain Beckwith-Smith yesterday, was the first to step forward and congratulate the bride. The Prince of Wales was expected, but could not come, disappointing the pretty girls he has been dancing with on leave.

A Stately Gown.—The wedding was hastily arranged, as the groom only arrived on Tuesday, but the church was packed with friends, and the bride's satin and brocaded velvet gown was certainly not designed in a hurry.

Cannibalism.—I lunched yesterday with the Cannibal Club, whose "lion" of the day was Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. The menu bore the name of the club, and the members present seemed perfectly peaceful persons.

Chevalure.—Prominent among the lunchers I noticed Mr. "Willie" Clarkson. I wonder if that famous artist got any inspiration

IF THE WAR LASTS ANOTHER TWENTY YEARS OR SO—



We shall have to go ourselves to common kitchens and restaurants (waiters having disappeared) and get our food doled out in minute portions by the careful cook proprietor.—By W. K. Hæselden.

visit to the front—the nose of a German shell. It has a special interest for him, as the shell exploded in the trenches quite near Mr. Jones' party.

A Narrow Escape.—There might have been several parliamentary vacancies, as there were other M.P.s in the party. General Baird it was who retrieved the fragment, and sent it along to "Town," as he is known in Wales.

The Duchess on Teeth.—I met the Duchess of Portland at tea at Lady Cooper's, and what do you think she talked of? Teeth! She is very keen on the work of the Ivory Cross, and helps it in every way.

A Biting Remark.—The Duchess has personally provided false teeth for every soldier at her hospital who needed them. She had that day come up from Nottingham, where her sister-in-law, Lady Charles Bentinck, was doing the same for her patients. "The War Office doesn't seem to care," she said, sadly.

from Mr. Macdonald's magnificent "sable silvered" head of hair. Mr. Macdonald's "make-up," if I may use the term, certainly suggests the strong, silent man of a drawing-room drama.

Judge's Son Engaged.—I see that Mr. Justice Darling's only son is engaged to Miss Dorothy Powell, of Lyndhurst. Captain John Clive Darling is in the Hussars, and has the D.S.O. for good work at the front.

Engaged.—Lord Harris' only son is going to marry Miss Dorothy Crookes, daughter of the vicar of Borden, in Kent. The Hon. George Harris is a staff captain and holds the Military Cross.

A Good Idea.—In some of the shops I have noticed that buying is simplified in the meat department by a notice stuck on some fragment of food: "You can buy this for one coupon"—or more, as the case may be. These appear on lots of things besides meat.



New portrait of Mrs. Patrick de Béath, who will be helping on "Women's Day."



Miss Blandford, daughter of Mr. William Blandford, who is nursing in a war hospital.

Ministers Buy Pictures.—I noticed two Ministers at the Grafton Galleries yesterday looking at that wonderful show of war photographs in colour. They were Mr. George Barnes and Sir George Cave. I was told that they both bought copies of pictures which took their fancy.

Recruiting.—I heard yesterday from Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, or "Lieutenant Grossmith," as I ought to call him now. He was acting in New York when the British recruiting mission opened there, and promptly attached himself to the mission.

For France.—He expects to leave New York soon for service in France. Another English actor who is doing good work with the mission is Mr. Mayne Lynton. Over 20,000 Britons in the United States have enlisted, and there are more to come.

Hartley Applauded.—Advice from New York tell me that Mr. Hartley Manners, the dramatist, puffed away vigorously at the German sympathiser in a speech to the Lotos Club. "I am a British subject born in Ireland, but I have no tolerance for the crazy Irishmen in this country who wish for German victory," said he.

Anti-Pacifist Play.—So strongly does Mr. Manners feel about it that he has written a one-act play, called "God of My Faith" on the subject. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who has the piece-in-hand, described it to me as a wonderful piece of propaganda.

Overseas O.B.E.s.—Among the Overseas recipients of the O.B.E. I noticed with pleasure the name of Mme. Melba. The Australian singer has done a good deal of patriotic work without making a song about it.

Davydd Jorg.—Yesterday a tall man, with the look of a rustic, was walking down Whitehall. He confided to a policeman that he wanted a glance at the house wherein lives "Davydd Jorg." The stranger was from Carmarthenshire, and to him and his race the Premier is never "David Lloyd George," but always "Davydd Jorg."

Business Women's Kitchens.—Communal kitchens are excellent things; but a woman I know who goes out to business complains that to her and her kind they are useless, since they close at midday.

Prosperous Vets.—A veterinary surgeon of my acquaintance was on the point of closing his business a year after the war broke out. This week he sold half his practice for three thousand pounds. This prosperity is due to petrol shortage.

Nomenclature.—So swiftly do we live now that the greeting "Hullo, old bean!" is now outmoded in "swish" circles. I notice that one salutes one's friends with "Hullo, old fruit!"—certainly more fragrant.

A Mention.—Captain the Hon. Nigel F. Somerset, who is mentioned in General Maude's last dispatch, is Lord Raglan's third son. He was wounded early in the war.

The Song of the "Spud."—The Daily Mirror's £750 potato prize scheme has inspired the song-writers. I hear that two songs on the sprouting "spud" as a victory winner—to say nothing of a prize-winner—are already in the music-hall market.

The First.—I have seen it—the first straw hat of spring! Truth compels me to add that it was in the unromantic neighbourhood of Fleet-street. Why was it not in the Park, adding its brightness to that of the spring flowers and the green lawns?

A "Pro."—I am glad to record the success in the Army of the popular Oval "pro" Alwin. He joined the colours when the Kaiser went mad, and is now a captain on a divisional staff in Mesopotamia.

THE RAMBLER.

TO WAKE UP A LAZY, SLUGGISH LIVER.

A READER SAYS TRY DRINKING BEFORE BREAKFAST A LITTLE ALKIA SALTRATES DISSOLVED IN WATER AND YOU WILL FEEL FIT ALL DAY.

A Natural Mineral Water Treatment endorsed by
MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

A clogged liver and constipation ("the beginning of all disease") result in poisonous toxins being drawn directly into the blood through thousands of absorbent intestinal glands, thus causing "irritiveness," biliousness, laziness, rheumatism, headache, drowsiness, bad complexion, etc., etc. For nearly ten years I suffered misery from these complaints before discovering that all my system needed was a thorough cleansing occasionally. When I washed all the poison out of my body, it immediately acted better, as a fire burns better with soot cleared from the chimney. For this purpose I used to go abroad every year to expensive spas.

I advise readers who suffer as I once did, to ask any chemist for a few ounces of Alkia Saltrates, and take before breakfast a teaspoonful of this dissolved in half a tumbler of water, preferably hot water. This promptly washes out all poisons from stomach, intestines and kidneys, leaving the way clear and clean to receive and properly digest food. The salinated water quickly reaches the liver by absorption, thus purifying that organ and at once removing all constipation and irritations. The remarkable Alkia Saltrates compound is practically tasteless, acts as a gentle but thorough aperient, is not lowering or painful. My medical man told me it was composed of the deposits from certain natural medicinal waters, and pronounced it the greatest solvent, eliminant, cleansing agent, antacid, and blood-purifier he knew.—C. H. N.

Some time ago Mr. Bottomley, who was also a frequent visitor to the German spas in pre-war days, was persuaded to try a course of saltrated water as an efficient substitute. The extremely gratifying results are best explained by the following extract from a letter which the famous editor of "John Bull" wrote to a London firm of manufacturing chemists:

"Now that all German spas are taboo, may I congratulate you on your Alkia Saltrates, which to my mind (and body) beat Carlsbad into a cocked hat. In future, with your help, I shall certainly support home industries by taking my cure on the spot."

Respectfully yours,

What Doctors Prescribe For Indigestion.

Physicians who have specialised in the treatment of stomach troubles are naturally in a position to judge intelligently as to the best thing to use. It is therefore a matter of vital interest to those who suffer from indigestion, gastritis, dyspepsia, pain after eating, heartburn, etc., to learn that physicians who have devoted their lives to the alleviation of human suffering are more and more instructing these sufferers to get a package of Bisurated Magnesia from the chemist and take a half-teaspoonful in a little hot water just before eating or whenever pain is felt. Doctors who prescribe the Bisurated Magnesia do so because they know it gives immediate relief in nearly every instance—because it is not a secret remedy, and because it is obtainable of all chemists and every package contains a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back. In view of the quiet and lasting relief obtained in nearly every instance, and the guarantee that in case of failure it costs nothing, sufferers from dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles generally are strongly advised to get a package of Bisurated Magnesia from their nearest chemist and begin its use without delay.

BISURATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—(Advt.)

A WONDERFUL RESTORATIVE OF VIGOUR AND VITALITY.

Relief for Drug Slaves.

The present outcry against the use of habitual drugs has resulted in the recognition of a drug-free product known as *bitro-phosphate*, which seems destined to take the place of the old-time drugs and tonics. Already chemists are supplying *bitro-phosphate* in the form of 5-gr. capsules, which it is claimed to be taken during or immediately after every meal. Taken in this manner *bitro-phosphate* has a soothing influence upon the nerves; it cures insomnia and neurasthenia, banishes depression, increases mental and physical power, and brings about a remarkable improvement in the general health. A handy pocket flask, containing sufficient *bitro-phosphate* for two weeks' continuous treatment, can be obtained from the chemists for about half-a-crown, and therefore the question of expense will certainly not stand in the way of those who, feeling weak, nervous, run down, or out of sorts, desire to give this truly wonderful restorative a trial.

THE SECRET WIFE By JOHN CARDINAL

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

NORA WYNNE, married secretly to TONY HERRICK, a clerk employed by GEORGE SHEFFIELD, a millionaire manufacturer, who is loved by MADGE RUSSELL, an actress.

Sheffield has given Nora a bracelet, and asks why she doesn't wear it. She tells him it has been broken, and he asks for it so that he may get it repaired.

REMORE.

NORA never knew what she answered—she was only conscious of stammering something utterly inadequate, of Sheffield's grave eyes on her face. She thought he looked accusing; instead, he was only inwardly blaming himself for having so distressed her.

He still carried the package containing the bracelet in his hand, and for a moment Nora thought that he was going to demand her promise to wear the bracelet all the time, when she should have it mended.

But, reluctantly, he did not . . . did not, either, say a word about her having been away so long. Sheffield had had time to think as he paced the hall, and he was finding himself a much puzzled man.

There was something worrying Nora badly and he couldn't make head or tail of it. He was baffled, and men of George Sheffield's type resent being baffled at all. Once again he determined to hold a serious talk with her.

This wasn't the time to ask Nora any questions, he decided, looking at her troubled face. He murmured something about letting her have the bracelet back quickly . . . that would be sure not to forget those theatre tickets for her mother . . . managed another curious glance at Nora, and bade her good-night.

Nora could only reply that he had really gone for quite a little time after she had shut the door. Then the feeling of relief—the end of the strain for a little time—she experienced was almost overpowering. It seemed altogether too good to be true that at last she was free to gain the security of her own room. Tony—*and* Madge Russell—to think again about that!

Very slowly, in a half-dazed way, Nora went towards the stairs. The door of the drawing-room opened. Mr. Wynne had been waiting uneasily for that sound of the closing door which would signal their guest's departure.

"You're not going upstairs so early, Nora, are you?" he asked hopefully. "Come in and sit down for a little while."

Mr. Wynne had been wanting the chances of assuring Nora that Madge must have been making a mistake that what he had said was all nonsense, that Nora wasn't to worry herself about that . . . He would put it right somehow, he had vaguely promised himself.

But Nora hardly interrupted her slow movement. She shook her head, and her hand reached out for the friendly stair-railing in a groping, uncertain way.

"I couldn't, father . . ." And, as he made a movement with the idea of again attempting to persuade her, Nora repeated her refusal with a quiet but angry intensity. "Don't ask me. I couldn't . . . couldn't . . ."

Mr. Wynne was disappointed. He went back into the drawing-room, where he moved about restlessly. Mrs. Wynne said nothing until every minute he was more worried and uncertain.

"It's a bad business, this," he burst out with sudden petulance in his need for any word of counsel or of sympathy. "About Nora, I mean . . . If only Sheffield would come up again to the scratch and settle that business of mine, things would be all right. But I daren't hurry him. He's not to know, of course, how vitally important haste is to me. And Nora . . . I can't see what's to come of it all! I don't know what I've got to do!"

Poor Mrs. Wynne looked up from her knitting. She seldom said the right thing, and of this she was generally only too conscious. But now she made no mistake.

Did her husband imagine that she, too, wasn't worried to death by the shadow of disaster constantly over them now. Wasn't she Nora's steady, solid, unshaken rock? She had most of her thoughts, and she had most of her love? Gladys was too smart, too clever . . . Gladys looked down on her implicitly . . . Nora would never do that . . .

"I don't think that it's so much what we'll do, Edward," she said slowly. "What will Nora do—that's the question I'm always asking myself now." "Can you answer it, Edward? For I can't."

DAWNING JEALOUSY.

MADGE RUSSELL permitted herself a sigh of content as she sat on her hat in her dressing-room at the Olympia. The concluding scenes of the review she had no part in, and she felt more than usually pleased that her work was over for another day. She had not been putting her heart into her work lately, and the effort each show demanded had been tiring to her. She had been thinking of other things too much, she reflected. Of Nora Wynne . . . of Sheffield . . . of Tony Herrick, whom she had met in Sheffield's . . .

The telephone on her dressing table checked her thoughts. She sat down lazily to answer it. "Yes, I'm speaking now . . ." There was a quick pleasure on her face, pleasure in her voice. Funny that George Sheffield should be ringing her up just now . . . "What is it?"

"I want to come round and have a talk with you," Sheffield said. That baffling sense of being kept in the dark had stuck to him ever since meeting the Wynnes.

He had proved increasingly disconcerting. Until he had suddenly thought that Madge Russell might be able to enlighten him a little—he knew Nora . . .

"Very well, I'll wait for you. Is it anything

special—your voice sounds, somehow, as if it were important?"

Sheffield had not expected his voice to betray any unusual concern. He hesitated, a little confused. Then—

"Well, it is, and it isn't," he laughed. "It's about Miss Wynne."

"I didn't know till this evening that you were now living in London, and I'll come round to the theatre right away."

"My dear man."

Madge Russell exclaimed rather petulantly as Sheffield entered her room a little later. "I'm not so intimate with Nora Wynne as you seem to think. I certainly did know her sister Gladys well, but that was years ago."

"Nora's a very pretty girl, as you know, on telling me that—but I don't know much more about her than that!"

George Sheffield protested with quiet good humour. "To talk about her at all seems to make you cross," he hazarded, looking at her shrewdly. "And I don't want to do that—"

"Nothing of the kind. Whatever makes you think it?"

Sheffield started to unburden himself about Nora, asking her advice, worrying her with his unconscious praise of her. Madge Russell seemed to have been holding down her impatient for quite a long time.

Couldn't he see that Nora scarcely cared about him at all—it was plain enough to her—and if she pretended to care it was for some reason of her own, probably because George Sheffield was a good man. Reason enough, that, for most girls of today to welcome a man's attentions. Madge's lips were set in a contemptuous line at this reflection.

"Well, I won't think it any more," Sheffield assured her calmly. He flattered himself that he knew Madge perfectly. He laughed, making haste to add to his apology. "And let's pretend I didn't even say it," he added.

Madge Russell nodded.

Her eyes flashed and spoken; he found her silence disconcerting.

"I thought you did know Nora well, you see," he went on, patiently. "The mistake's mine. But I hoped you did, because it's plain to me there's something worrying her considerably—" Sheffield hesitated and tried to choose his words, afraid of blundering—"and I hope you might be able to help me to understand what they're trying to do to her, to turn another, when they wouldn't confide in a man . . . But that's how it is. Sheffield finished lamely. "But it seems you don't know anything more than I know myself."

Madge Russell was sitting sideways from the now dimly lighted dressing-table, her face half turned away from him. She moved her position as though unconsciously a little further away still. Once again Sheffield wished that he could distract her gaze.

"No, I don't know anything," she told him, in a tone altogether without expression. "I don't imagine that it would specially interest me to know it, either . . . whatever it is . . ."

"That means—" Sheffield ventured, shrewdly. "That you yourself think there is something that Nora is keeping dark? Eh?"

"For heaven's sake don't cross-examine me about Nora," he burst out. "She turned quickly to him. "Tell me straight out what you want me to do. If there's any mystery about things, why on earth should you expect me to bother my head about it! Are you suggesting that I should go ferreting round and pumping Nora Wynne because she keeps you in the dark about something! Because you needn't talk any further about that idea! I was right."

He actually expected Sheffield. He began to look round for his hat and stick.

"I would have not suggested any such thing, Madge, and you should know that. Goodness knows, we've been friends long enough to have a talk without quarrelling. I certainly thought you might be able to help me. If you can't, that's all there is to it. You know you're on my side. Madge, don't do me no use yet, denying it; perhaps the name didn't go very well this evening. Is that it?"

It was like Madge Russell to prove that he was right byagrammingly slumping in an open drawer of the dressing-table.

George Sheffield smiled at that impulsive betraying action. He always felt rather like a father to Madge Russell; he had been one of the first to see that she possessed talents, individuality, and when he had joined the board of management of the Olympia he had insisted that she should have a good show. He had known that she would not fail, and since then he had been proud of her success.

"Well, am I . . ." she admitted reluctantly, and laughed.

Her laugh was plainly forced, but for all his wisdom George Sheffield noticed no strain in it, saw nothing of that little unconscious movement of her shoulders.

The idea that Madge Russell might have any other feelings towards him than a sincere gratitude for the way he had been able to help her would have struck his head for a moment. There was no tell-tale trace of emotion on Madge Russell's face when she turned to him deliberately now.

"If I am upset," she declared cryptically, "it's for no reason that you would understand." This was honestly beyond Sheffield. "Then that's another mystery," he remarked plesantly, and shrugged his shoulders. "But we'll keep to our time, if you don't mind. At present I'm only interested in the one concerning Nora Wynne."

"You needn't tell me that." The way he spoke Nora's name had power to hurt her, her face clouded. "I don't think you're interested in much else at the moment, are you?"

Percy Hutchinson as Monty Brewster, Mats., M. W. S., 2.30, Saturday evenings.

HOLLYWOOD.—"The Wizard of Id," Every Saturday evening, Thurs., Sat., 8.15. (Last Week.)

ST. JAMES'.—Daily, 2.30, 3.30. Evening, Thurs., Sat., 8.15.

ST. MARTIN'S.—Grosvenor Gardens, Lambeth, 8.30.

SAVOY.—At 8.30. "Clever Drums"—Evening News.

PRINCE.—With Harry Lauder, 8.30. (Last Week.)

REGENT.—"Flora," by Harry Grattan, with Gert Miller.

PRINCES'.—Yes. Unseen. New Musical Comedy. Evening, Sat., 8.30. Matinée, Sat., 2.30. (Last Week.)

OPERA.—"Brewster's Millions," Nightly, 8.30. Matinée, Thurs., Sat., 2.30. The Better 'Ole.

OXFORD.—2.30 and 3.30.

PALACE.—To-night, at 8. "Pansy," with May Eleine.

PLAYHOUSE.—"The Yellow Ticket," Gladys Cooper.

Alian Alysworth, Wed., 2.30. Thurs., Sat., 8.30.

PRINCESS.—With Max Wall.

SHAFESBURY.—Get, 8.666. Arlette.

Evening, 8. Matinée, Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

QUEEN'S.—"The Freaks," by Arthur Pinner.

Evening, 8.30. Matinée, Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Royal Opera House.—"Moby-Dick," etc.

W. T. S. 2.30. Cheating Cheaters," Mary O'Farrell, etc.

VAUXHALL.—Every, 8.30. Mat. W. Th. S. 2.30.

"The Trap," with Herbert Warren, Miriam Lowes and Co.

HIPPODROME.—London, Twickenham, Daily, 2.30 and 8.30.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10, 9.30. Little Tich, Ernie Loring, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—Maidie Scott, Max Dewar, Baba, etc.



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SHORTHAND

DELPHI.—(Ger. 2645). "The Boy," W. H. Berry. Tonight, at 8. Mats., Weds., and Sat., at 2.30.

AMBASSADORS.—"The Little Devil," Every, 8.30. Regent 2890.

APOLLO.—Nightly, at 8.15. "Inside the Lines," Matinées, Daily, 2.30. Evenings, Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 8.15.

BEETHAM OPERA CO.—"Gipsy Love," Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 8.30. Matinées, Sat., 2.30.

COMEDY.—"Bubbly," musical entertainment, with Arthur Playfair, Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Mon., Fri., Sat., 8.15. Tues., Wed., Sat., 2.30. Matinées, Thurs., Sat., 8.30.

DALYS.—"The Maid of the Mountains," Nightly, at 8. Mats., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 8.30. Tues., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed., and Sat., at 2.30. "The 13th Child," Sat., Mat., Sat., 8.30.

GARRET.—"The Bear," by G. B. Shaw, Sat., 8.30. Tues., Wed., Sat., 2.30. Matinées, Sat., 8.30. Matinées, Sat., 2.30. Matinées, Sat., 8.30. Matinées, Sat., 2.30.

GLOBE.—"Marie Lohr in Love in Cottage," Every, Sat., 8.30. Tues., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HAYMARKET.—General Post, Tues., 8.30. Daily, at 2.30 and 8.30.

KINGSBURY.—"Pansy," with May Eleine, Tues., 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE.—"The Yellow Ticket," Gladys Cooper.

Alian Alysworth, Tues., 8.30. Thurs., 8.30. Sun., 2.30.

PRINCE.—With Harry Lauder, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Sat., 8.30. Matinées, Sat., 2.30.

REGENT.—"Flora," by Harry Grattan, with Gert Miller.

Evening, 8.30. Matinée, Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROYAL ALBERT.—"Cheer," Mary O'Farrell, etc.

Rehearsal, Evgs., 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sun., 2.30.

ALHAMBRA.—Evgs., 8.30. Mats., W. Th. S. 2.30. Alfred Sutro's play.

HIPPODROME.—London, Twickenham, Daily, 2.30 and 8.30.

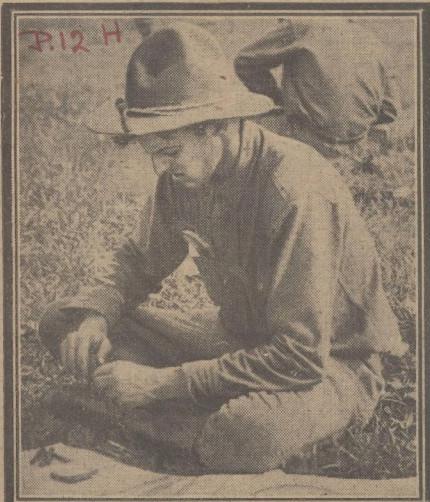
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HUN SPIES SMUGGLE WAR MATERIAL: SEE PICTURES ON PAGE ONE

Daily Mirror

MR. ROOSEVELT'S SON.



According to a telegram received in New York, Captain Archibald Roosevelt, son of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, has been wounded in action in France. Captain Roosevelt loading cartridges.



WED.—Maj. Gerard Tharp and the Hon. Mrs. Dora Morris were married at St. Paul's Church, Piccadilly, yesterday. Our photograph is of the bride.

KILLED.—Capt. F. Selous, M.C., son of the famous lion-hunter, has been killed in action on the western front. Capt. Selous was a brilliant flyer.

EX-PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER WED.



Miss Esther Cleveland, daughter of the late President Grover Cleveland, of America, was married yesterday in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, to Captain William S. B. Bosanquet, the Notts cricketer.

BICKLEY COMPETITORS FOR POTATO PRIZE.



The family at work on their potato allotment. The youngest member is particularly busy.

MODEL HUT IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



The Hon. Emily Kinmaid (holding paper) and the Mayor of Westminster, at the opening of the model Y.W.C.A. hut in Trafalgar-square yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



This little digger is four years old.

If this family at Bickley does not win The Daily Mirror prize of £500 for five fine potatoes it will not be for want of trying. This small boy of four is already proving an enthusiastic potato cultivator.

FINE RECORD.



Flight-Sergeant J. Upton, R.F.C., who has won the V.C., D.C.M., Mons Star and East African Medal. He has on twenty occasions crept across No Man's Land under fire.

ODESSA IN OCCUPATION OF THE GERMANS.



It is reported from Berlin that German troops have entered Odessa, the fourth largest city in Russia. A general view of the town from the harbour.